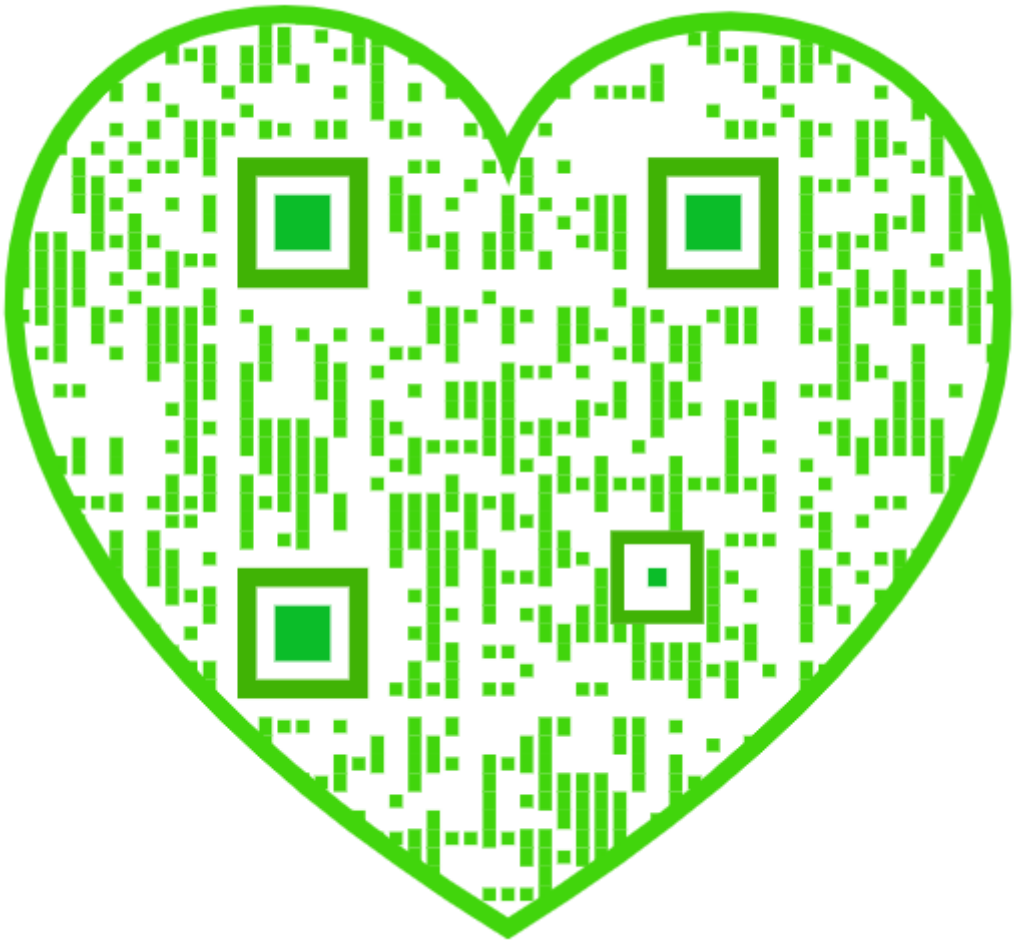

THE MATTER OF MANNER.

BY D. C.

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The Matter of Manner.

When two goats met on a bridge which was too narrow to allow either to pass or return, the goat which lay down that the other might walk over it, was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.—Cecil.

The Matter of Manner. A subject of far deeper interest than at first sight appears. It dips into principle, heart, feeling, charity; it has a mighty influence upon the present happiness, and upon the destinies of mankind. The four cardinal virtues of an old church are included in the Matter of Manner. Mere manner is surface; it may be the hue of the heavens, the hectic of a disease, the vane of the elements, the gloom of the grey winter evening, the bright glow of a summer morning's dawn: but the Matter of Manner is the safeguard or the pitfall of virtue, the armour of the valiant, the weakness of the vacillating. In this view manner is

the index, matter the subject indicated. We have to distinguish between them where they are naturally separated, and recognise the importance of their union where they are essentially and properly combined. Few phases of life have greater intrinsic importance to commend them to the consideration of the reflective; and due attention to the subject may result in an addition to the sum of human happiness.

It is to this end, that, with the co-operation of the reader, I venture to dedicate the following pages.

In considering manner, we have nothing to do with the author in his study, the ascetic in his seclusion, or the solitary in his retirement, saving only, as the education of the inner heart affects the external bearing of the man in his social influences.

Manner, as we should construe the term, is not defined to mean the adoption of certain gestures, the rigid adherence to certain rules and ceremonies, or the negation of those of them which are offensive; but rather the actual exhibition of the heart in its operation upon the outer

man, and in its power for good or evil upon the outer world. Utterly debasing vulgarity is perfectly consistent with the code of manners framed by that horror of young neophytes, the famous preceptorial ogre, Mr. Vyse. When the youth was invited to the chamber of his elders and superiors, he was to tap at the door softly, and when bade to 'come in," he was, very modestly, to open the door, and stand still till he was summoned to advance; and when he ventured to speak, he was to make a bow before he began, and bow again at the conclusion; he was not to speak above a whisper; and he was to place one hand in the bosom of his waistcoat, and the other on his knee; he was not to bite his nails, sing, whistle, yawn, or shut the door in any one's face! These were sad and sufficiently comic specimens of coercion to favour good manners; and Madame Celnart, a celebrated writer on etiquette, instructs people never to talk of their own professions. This was well enough, but she enjoined them to talk freely upon matters which they were not supposed to understand. The soldier was to converse about divinity; the clergyman about law; and the lawyer was to discourse upon sanitary matters. In a word, she made the

mistake which has been the weak point of many writers upon manners and etiquette;—she tried to make people amiable by rule, instead of cultivating the better and more enduring principles of an intelligent mind, a well regulated understanding, and a warm heart. In the combined operations and influences of this triad is to be found the secret of a solid and right manner.

The power of manner is greater than appears on the surface. The sympathies of youth are soon traced by watching the operation of their imitative faculties; how soon they acquire the expressions, the gestures, the smiles, and the manners of those with whom they associate, especially if their affections have been called into play! The *sotto voce* appeal in a pathetic peroration, the tear accompanying the recital of a tale of distress, the manly and heroic enunciation that properly illustrates a martial story, the appearance of indignation at a bare allusion to oppression, gravity accompanying rebuke, every look, every attitude, if consistent with the time, place, and circumstances, will call forth a response in the hearts and manifestations of those to whom they are addressed, and indicate the influence of manner over the minds

and feelings of all to whom it has been intended to apply. Let us read aloud a tale of sorrow with pathos, and not only is our auditory more affected, but our own emotions are kindled with increased warmth. Grace and elegance in an orator give accumulated force to every word he utters; and the want of those accompaniments has often and often neutralized the beauty and power of language, and destroyed its due effect. I mean, emphatically, the grace and elegance which take their spring from, or are fed by, the finer sympathies of a kind heart, directed by a well-meaning mind; for I regard it as a moral certainty, that no pure and lasting impression is created by the power of eloquence or gesture, unless it be accompanied by a subjective respect for the character of the orator,—or at least, if there be any thing within our knowledge to create indifference or disrespect. The words of a pulpit orator of good repute have far larger influence in their moral tendency, than the same words uttered by another, who is believed to belie by the practice of his life, the theory he is propounding. I argue for sincerity, not merely because it is substantially and practically good in itself, but because it gives force and vitality to the virtue of

manner, and because without it, manner would, like the plating of some of the continental coins, wear off at the slightest using. I argue for a smooth tongue, a guileless manner, a graceful gesture, a benevolent aspect, as almost necessary requisites to solid virtue,—not as substitutes for it,—and because our good should not be evil spoken of, I desire that that good should be presented to us in its best dress. It is important that men should appear virtuous and well meaning, but this precept does not necessarily convey the inference that men should "assume a virtue if they have it not."

We are told by the poet, that "manners make the man." It is not necessarily nor generally so. The man makes the manners; as are the manners so is the man. The varied tints of a bouquet have become ripened by the sun, the extrinsic has heightened the colours, but the laboratory was within the flowers;—the genial breeze plays along the waving grass, and produces a picture to gratify our eye, with varied shades of verdure, but it must not be thought that the sunbeam and the zephyr have done all this. The velvet glade was already there, and the outward influences have but developed

its intrinsic beauty. They would not have produced a similar effect upon the sterile rock or the barren plain. The morning air does but add to the loveliness of the sylph, the dreams of poetry had already rested on her cheek. So with manner. It radiates from centre points, head and heart must combine, and it should be as they are.

Sincerity is the best test of manner, in its connexion with the matter it predicates; and whether it can be adequately or accurately measured or not, there is an actual, although perhaps not definable, avenue of communication between man and man, by which almost every rational and thinking person can recognise, though he may not perhaps be able to demonstrate, whether or not the surface be a truthful manifestation of that which is working within.

As the bloom upon the fruit, as the gem upon the rose, as the conscious suffusion which gently mantles the cheek of beauty, as the tint upon the eastern shores, as the azure of the skies, so are the manners of men when they are the outward indications of a pure taste,

a cultivated mind, and a right heart. And if it be said, that valuable treasures were in Portia's casket, unattractive though it was, or that Pandora's box, or Pandora's self, partook of the nature and the elements of earthly things in their combination of good and evil, I reply that we choose not the rose because of its thorn, but in spite of its presence; and the casket, and the box, in like manner;—having brought our judgment to our aid, without reference to our better tastes and our better ideas: so, if we love men simply for their intrinsic and sterling worth, we should surely love them more intensely, if that worth were clad in an attractive guise. We argue for manners, as we do for the bloom or the dew-drop, simply because they add beauty to those attributes, without which they would, regarded by themselves, be of small worth. If we were to meet with one of our kind, of surpassing beauty, with lines such as could be conceived and chiselled by a Phidias, and with such agile flexible movements as could be imparted by a Dædalus, we should scarcely be moved in the slightest approach to ecstasy, unless that grace and vital force were superinduced, which can arise only from the united influences of a rightly meaning heart and the

manners that spring from a mind elevated and chaste. There is a mysterious path, whose exact tracings have never yet been threaded, leading from the enchantment of a pleasing exterior, to the deepest and most hidden labyrinths of feeling: it is traversed when the grace of the air and the truthfulness of the heart entrance us by their beauty in union; and when, and as in one moment, our tastes are captivated, our judgments convinced, and our affections aroused;—

> "When the ripe colours soften and unite,
> And sweetly melt into just shade and light."

I care not for a gracious manner simply, but for the manner that manifests a gracious heart. The fascination of real in-bred politeness is not an art, for where it exists, mere art is absent; it is a reality that extends its influence beyond its actual presence. It winds its silken cord around our own souls, and penetrates our affections and our sympathies. Tinsel glitters, but it does not captivate. "Nature's nobility" is another expression for the manner I have described. This manner is indeed like sunshine in a shady place: it gives tone to music, sweetness to honey, fragrance to the violet.

I regard manner, not as being simply the ornament and drapery of high and substantial virtues, not as being merely the meet attendant upon actual and solid principles, but as being itself a high and substantial virtue, or a debasing and actual vice; as being itself a solid principle; and it may indeed be said, with Bishop Middleton, "that virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner." It may be argued that manner, like charity, may cover a multitude of sins; that there may be nothing but manner. So, if the argument holds good, kneeling in prayer may simply be a posture—yet, the act of kneeling is good: attending Divine worship is by itself a mockery, unless accompanied by devotion, and yet who shall say that "assembling yourselves together as the manner of some is," is not necessary? Manner which is only on the surface, is simply hypocrisy; and yet manner is indispensable: it is the hypocrisy that should be rooted out,—not the manner. It elevates or depresses those with whom it comes in contact; it makes or mars happiness; and in this light it may be viewed as a motive power of itself; but it is more than this; it is an indication of the whole mind and the whole heart, and it has sufficient leaven in it to

grace or intensify a man's doubtful qualities, or detract from his best impulses. The want of an engaging manner causes the good to be evil spoken of, the presence of it gives power and weight to what are usually considered the more solid principles of the human heart. What might and influence are in the eye that beams with trust and invites our confidence,—the smile that lights up a home of joy in our hearts, the earnestness of gesture, and the readiness of thought and of sympathy that chases away every cloud, and gilds our path with sunshine!

> "Whate'er he does is done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'tis natural to please;
> His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And paradise is opened in his face."

As with a nation a *quasi* unpopular law may quietly gain the cheerfulness of true and ready obedience, by the manner of its operation, so, with individuals, may even unwelcome truths be received with grateful emotions, if the manner of their development be gracious and winning. Courtliness does not mean courteousness: a peasant may be courteous without being courtly, a prince can scarcely be so. Courtliness in the former may be out of place; in the latter it is indispensable.

The late Dr. Chalmers very elaborately defined the difference between the two. "To be courteous is one thing, to be courtly is another. The one refers to the disposition, the other to the external behaviour. The one is a virtue, the other an accomplishment. The one is grace of character, the other grace of manner. A man may be courteous without being courtly." And the Doctor might have added, "a man may be courtly without being courteous."—"There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, not a step but would bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the gaiety of social intercourse,—the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it,—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy." It must have been a man with such indications that was in the mind of Shakspere, who knew so well how to estimate in-born nobility, when he said:—

> "Inquire me out some mean-born *gentleman*,
> Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter."

It is not sufficient to be sturdily honest; a man who affects to despise the outside attractiveness of a gentleman, upon the plea that he has invested all his virtue in the interior, is simply a foolish fellow. To despise has a more disagreeable recoil than to hate; contempt has a spice of malignity in it, while mere dislike possesses singleness of character at least. You would avoid a really bad man if you knew him to be so; you would not admit him as an associate within your inner circle; but a man of imputed sterling worth and of bad manners may more frequently cross your path; and you are obliged to submit to the drudgery of juxta-position as a holocaust to your estimation of severe and disagrecable virtue.

Real merit is tested by your judgment, but manner permeates through your senses;—that may be measured at a distance, this forces itself to a contact. The diamond is valueless till it is polished, and its brilliant radiations form the gem. What curves are in the measure of material beauty, manner is in its application to social intercourse. If you desire the respect of your kind, be right; if you wish to engage their affections,

appear so. Be what you seem, but never forget to seem what you are. Sharp corners for rigid line and square, circles and their syntheses for beauty. Why should we rush to the good qualities we have, to compensate for those we have not? Why should we draw upon our virtues, of which none of us have too many, to counterpoise and to justify that in us which offends?

Am I supposed to disparage real and sterling merit,—to place it on the second form? This would be an unjust conclusion, an unfair inference. This essay is devoted to the study of manner, to the due estimate of its importance; and to its advocacy alone or chiefly, must my pen bend itself; not, it is true, at the cost of any other virtue, but assuredly not with any sacrifice of its own.

It is an old and trite remark that "a first appearance is a letter of recommendation";—if so, manner has its weight, even though there be little besides to recommend or to sustain it. But while admitting that fact, while acknowledging that many a man of solid attainments and high moral worth has sunk into the pitfalls

of society, or has been pressed down to the lower forms for want of manner, its relative value nevertheless should be estimated, and its due place assigned to it. It should be regarded as one, though only one, of the means by which society is benefited, and as each integer constitutes an element of an abstract total, it should always be remembered that while efforts are made to retain the total intact, so the several parts are simply links of the chain by which the whole is held together.

A great pre-requisite, in order that manner should have its due influence, and should duly exercise its force, is that it should be natural. Let it spring from the heart, though its origin be with the "faultless monster" that the world never saw.

How beautiful the face of nature! a charming spring sky, "half sunshine half tears," over-arches the scene; there are sloping downs and upland lawns; between us and the farthest outline is a gently flowing river, the idol of tourists, and beyond again, but distinguished chiefly by its glitter, is the sparkling ocean, just sufficiently far off, as not to offend the eye by its spangling

brightness. And while nature in still life is yet busy in its beauty, there is the gentle hum of vitality in the flocks and herds which gaily decorate the foreground, and the singing birds which flutter among the foliage hard by, and "there is happiness in the world after all."

With a heart aright, with a mind alive to the impressions such a scene is calculated to produce, with a thankful uplifted soul, oh, who can adequately describe the full appreciation of nature thus developed? The tendency towards being natural and sincere promotes the extinction of evil-mindedness, and the fostering of ingenuous frankness and charity. Let each of us contribute his quota to this inkling of paradise. "I am sure," said the child, "I do not know how it is that everybody loves me, unless it is that I love everybody." And the Miller of Mansfield illustrated the contrary principle when he sang—

> "Who cares for nobody, no, not I;
> *For* nobody cares for me."

Heartiness begets heartiness; emulation in goodwill produces goodwill; a manner that has an evidence of

right as its basis, produces the right which floats upon the surface.

"Civility, my good friend," said an eminent man of fashion of the last century,—"may be truly said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in a creditable position. When I was young, I was acquainted with a striking example of what may sometimes be gained by it, though my friend on this occasion did not, I assure you, expect to benefit by his politeness. In leaving the opera one evening, a short time previous to the fall of the curtain, he overtook in the lobby an elderly lady, making her way out to avoid the crowd; she was dressed in a most peculiar manner, with hoop and brocade, and a pyramid of hair; in fact, she was at least a century behind the rest of the world, in her costume. So singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half-a-dozen Lord Dukes and Sir Harrys, sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box entrance, they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress and infirm gait.

"Directly my friend caught sight of them and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge, and with his best bow offered her his arm. She accepted it, and, on the stairs, he inquired whether she had a carriage, at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. 'Thank you Sir, I have,' replied the old lady, 'if you will only be good enough to remain with me till it arrives.' As she was speaking, her servant came up, and making the cavalier a very stately curtsey, she requested to know to whom she had the honour to be indebted for so much attention. 'My name, madam,' replied the stranger, 'is Boothby, but I am usually called Prince Boothby;' upon which the antiquated lady left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again, and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after, when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousands a year!

"'Now, my good sir,' said our moralist, 'for the future, pray remember Prince Boothby.'"

Manner is very frequently imbibed and created by the force of surrounding circumstances. This notion may enable us to account for the peculiar characteristics of various peoples. It may in some measure answer the questions, why are the French light, the Irish witty, the Scotch cautious, the Americans rash and headstrong, the Germans thoughtful and slow? why are there distinctive peculiarities attributed, at least, to various provinces in England, as elsewhere? In racing towns, the daughters as well as sons teem with the turf; in small Cathedral cities, church preferments and clerical incidents are the prevailing topics; in the city, accounts and merchandize; in the manufacturing districts, traffic and manufacturing details percolate through all the veins of conversation. Families by their associations have similar thoughts and perceptions; and as to the outer world, their arguments and convictions generally run in one direction.

There is something too in the old notion of awakening children by plaintive music, and in teaching them courage; and very much in their being led to avoid evil communications.

May not the sombre tinge of Robert Hall's character be attributable, in addition to the agonies of body to which he was so often subject, to the peculiar mode of his early education? He learned his alphabet from the inscriptions on the tombstones that peered, like ghosts, in the graveyard adjoining his father's house, under the tuition of a good, affectionate, and persevering nurse, who was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and whose depressed nature and depressing influences may be recognised in the very latest years of her pupil's life.

I refer now to manner as a faithful indicator of the truth; manner as it is shown by a man, in his outward action, to be a reflex of his inward workings. This, however, is to be considered with some modification, on the basis of sincerity. If you see a man conducting himself unwisely, you are not necessarily called upon to say he is a fool, but I know of no law to prevent your thinking so. The hypocrisy consists in some act or word indicating a dishonest inconsistency between your words and your thoughts. The hands upon the dial-plate will show whether the interior works are right

or not. If they be really untruthful, or if the man be really so in life and habits, some symptom will inevitably show itself to the discerning observer. My allusion to the dial-plate may be said not to be an apposite one; for if the chain have run down, the dial must tell the truth twice a day. I reply, yes, if the chain have run down: so with man, if his pulse has ceased to beat and the visage pourtrays that fact, the truth is too evident for doubt: there is no hypocrisy then,—for manner is at that moment, if ever, a solemn and infallible testimony to the fact.

I have intimated that the discerning observer will discover the connexion between appearances and facts, in reference to a man's sincerity and truth; but more than this, the hypocrite will be one day inevitably found out,—I had almost said, by all,—certainly by some one or more, every day of his life. There are two kinds of hypocrites,—one assumes to be what he is not, the other endeavours to hide what he is. The two characters may be fitly joined and realized in one person;—in both of these manner belies matter. "The words of his mouth were softer than butter, having war in his

heart; his words were smoother than oil, and yet be they very swords." Hypocrisy, like all other baneful habits, accumulates with steadily increasing force, wherever it has found an impulse. Its tendency is downward,—hence the momentum. Its elements spring from the rust of some virtues, one of which is a desire to stand well before men; a desire laudable under due control, but, like many other good things, becoming poisonous by its misuse. It is only a sin, after all; but so much is sincerity loved, and insincerity hated, that the world is, perhaps, more excited with anger on its manifestation, than by the exhibition of any other bad human passions. As we should endeavour by timely advice to correct the evil tendencies of our kind, so, a word in season may be of some little benefit to the hypocrite. The hypocrite is the greatest victim to his own hypocrisy; he is perpetually under a veil, which, though it may hide his detailed blemishes, allows his shape to be seen under the drapery, and while doing this, obscures his own vision. Let him be assured of this fact; he is known more familiarly than he thinks: not that every one can give an analytical explanation of their appreciation; but there is something in him

that seizes every one's notions, actually and energetically alive to his prejudice. And more than this. Assuming that we cannot give a palpable shape to our sum of a man's character, the suspicion, the doubt, that attaches to the mere hypocrite is clearly injurious to his social relationships; and yet more,—if there is only one among his circle that has taken his full measure, and knows him through, it will be strange indeed if that fact does not produce some active depreciation, some mischievous results. His work is harder too; he must be always on the alert, always clad in armour, lest even "a pigmy's straw" should pierce him, and all his dealings with his fellow-man must be begun with the exchanges against him.

Manner without or contrary to matter is hypocrisy. Few pretend to be worse than they are; and yet there are some, nevertheless, who boast of vices their physical powers or their opportunities prevent them from committing. Such men revel in the mire of falsehood, while they wallow in imaginary crimes, and are in effect guilty of the offences of both categories. But

the prevailing weakness is the desire to seem better than the truth :—

"Out on thy *seeming*—You *seem* to be as Dian in her orb."

This "seeming" is the humility aped by pride ; this manner is as the bloom upon the apples of Sodom, with the bitter and biting dust within ; it is as the lurid and deluding light of the mirage ; as a dreamy fabric ; as a brilliant, fleeting vision. It not only does not comport with the matter, but it goes further,—it belies it; it professes and is not, it promises and gives not ; it refuses its aid, it goes further,—it digs a pitfall ; it refuses the balm, it goes further,—it administers poison.

There is generally actual, but not always palpable insincerity in the ready and perpetual indulgence in general truisms in their application to matters of individual detail. Meaningless sentiments, recognised aphorisms which no one gainsays, acknowledged moralities which are clearly indisputable, are often used by the artful in argument, as well as in the ordinary affairs of life, in order to divert us from the matters especially before us. We know with the hero in the play, that

"all men should be honest," and all men should be "what they seem." This the disputants on both sides will admit, though one may urge it strongly; but the question may require a different solution if we demand,— "Are you, in this particular transaction, honest or what you seem?"

As a rule, I object to references to general maxims in our accustomed associations. They sometimes remind me of the noisy gurgling of a half-empty, narrow-necked bottle. The less there is in a man's soul, the narrower his mind, the more contracted his notions, so is he generally louder and more vaunting in an inverse ratio with the contents of his small mental capacity.

Another illustration of manner is the ill-natured tendency to ridicule, which is a common fault in society: in a crowd it spreads like an epidemic. One of its phases is the galling and intelligible sneer. Sneering is stated to be the death of many a good resolve, and requires some presence of mind to baffle it.

> "Would you disarm the jeerer of his jest?
> Frown not, but laugh in concert with the rest."

The sneerer has not always the best of it. The proud lion said to the gnat, "Avaunt, thou paltry, contemptible insect;" but the gnat reaped an ample revenge upon the forest monarch by his capers in the haughty beast's ears and nose:—so, as by just conclusions, supercilious sneers and inflated offensiveness of manner find their punishment some time or other through the instrumentality of the smallest of their victims.

Sensitive people are sometimes impeded in the exercise of principles they know to be just, and in the desire to accomplish things they know to be right, by the withering influence of ridicule, by the blighting effects of a sneer, a shrug, or some other indication of derision or contempt. These are sharp arrows, and are frequently shot from bows at a venture; but no one can be much in society without observing that they are sometimes sent forth by ungentle hands, having been suggested by ungenial hearts. Now, I speak not to horses and mules who have no understanding; these hints are not intended for the self-dependent marauder upon the calms and comforts of social life; but for men whom we may charitably suppose to be, at least

occasionally, influenced by a word in season. These lines are written for the perusal of those who will take the trouble to read and to weigh their import and signification; and especially are they commended to the consideration of those among them who have fallen into the indulgence of habitual sneering. Perhaps this very paragraph may arouse the supercilious curl of some; perhaps hypercriticism may sharpen its barbs, and prepare itself for an attack. Pause, my good cynic, ere you revel in a thought, which, upon better reflection, you may wish to recal. We are all integral members of the social body, each with a mission to fulfil: if the humble daisy but deck the field, even to be trodden upon by the thoughtless, surely it fills its own place, and accomplishes, according to its measure, the purpose for which it was sent,—as much as have those aggregations of floral beauty at the horticultural fête, where you have recently luxuriated in ecstasy, and the smallest petal of which, with all your talents, you could not create.

There is good in every thing; and it would be well to hesitate ere you cast aside the lesson I would have

you learn ; that is, to beware of the dangerous and mischievous tendency of "the scoffer's logic," ridicule. It is no answer to say that men of solid morals and clear minds may suffer these things to pass by them as the idle wind which they regard not ; for it should be remembered in our judgment of others, that men are compound beings, some having more impassioned temperaments, or being more thin-skinned, or feeling those little assaults more deeply than others. It is an old story of Anaximander, who was told that the boys laughed at his singing ;—"Oh, then," said he, "I must learn to sing better ;" and when a *friend* spoke detractingly of him, "I must learn," he said, "to live better, for I am sure he had some reason for what he said." But all are not of this impress,—and it is not to suggest a passive resistance to ridicule that I urge this, but to warn the cynic that while irony and satire, in the ordinary associations of life, very seldom cure or neutralize the peculiarities he travesties, they leave stings behind them dipped in virulent, and lasting, and widely-spreading poison. Men fear ridicule more than injury ; they bear a loss with complacency, but a manifestation of contempt arouses their ire, and provokes their worst

passions. No man loves the sneerer, and the point in the sneer is frequently blunted by the rancour it excites; that becomes, to a certain extent hurtless, this produces a recoil. I would ask, then, is it under any circumstances right or expedient? and does it not generally fail in the effects intended? In debate it frequently takes the place of argument, and destroys the legitimate effects of accurate logic. It is unfair and ungenerous to use it as a weapon; for truth itself can scarcely withstand its attacks. Exercised on the side of truth,—directed against national follies, sneers and pasquinades may be tolerated, for doubtless there are many instances of national faults and absurdities having been cured by well-timed caricatures and lampoons; but surely truth requires not such extrinsic aid, and may be safely left to the issue of its own influence.

The habitual sneerer is a bad-hearted man; his sneer is simply a manifestation of the evil principle that reigns within, a principle, be assured, that diffuses its malevolent influence over his whole life. The sneerer, that is, the man whose bent is sneering, has scarcely a spark of benevolence within him; his sins are not falls; he

cannot fall who lies so low. Give me the man who is constantly floundering through the rash exercise of unguarded impulses, rather than the cold, calculating preter-human sneerer. A sneer, if remembered, is seldom thoroughly forgiven, even by the most charitable, and the sneerer more than any other, finds every man's hand against him. His end is, to be met by that which I look upon as the most fearful, the most soul-thrilling arrow conceivable,—the laugh that mocks his calamity. We are told by an old author that there is nothing that people are more mortified to spend in vain than their scorn; so let us be assured that the sneer that "hurtless breaks" scatters its barbed splinters into the sneerer's heart. A popular modern writer says very appropriately—

"Let not any talk of taunt and ridicule being a trivial and insignificant thing, unworthy of thought. It is often *because* the taunt is contemptible that it is hardest to bear. The sting of the adder rouses into fury the lordly lion. The tiniest insect blanches the colour of the loveliest flower, and causes it to hang its pining head."

A few lines for a group which suggests ample illustration of the matter of manner: it composes a family with different principles, having a strong family likeness,

but inheriting various degrees of good and evil. The laugh, simply, may be the progenitor, or to change the figure, the root of all: the off-shoots are, the smile, the grin, the sneer, the guffaw, the titter, the giggle, the simper: their attributes and incidents are derision, ridicule, littleness of mind, or the exhibition simply of good humour. Each of these indications tells a story, and is highly suggestive and full of meaning. I have already tried the reader's patience upon some of them, and would now rather give attention to the smile, as leaving upon our hearts the sweetest and most agreeable impression. A smile like a blush indicates a mysterious connexion between mind and body, between matter and spirit. The terminations of the facial nerves are expanded by the instantaneous effect of mental emotions, and induce a larger channel for the flow of blood. Hence the crimson tinge that manifests so much. A word, a look, a pause, will mantle the cheek; and as quiet an impulse will awaken a smile.

The smile of love. I envy not the man whose whole soul has not been in raptures, when for him a countenance has been lighted up with the angelic

radiance, and whose whole purposes and hopes have not been elevated by it, so to speak, to the seventh heaven. There are, too, the encouraging and sustaining smiles of confidence, and of approbation. And if ever this world has a hue of heaven-fraught beauty floating upon its surface, it surely is when the smile of innocence beams, as it were, from the reflex of seraphic love; such a smile as a mother feels through her inmost heart, when her little one echoes by a look the tenderness of a mother's affection.

Laughter is a nervous emotion, and, like blushing, portends also the mental and corporeal kinship I have already mentioned. A pleasant story, a good joke, or a piece of merry mischief, provokes a contortion of countenance, a succession of cachinnations, and sometimes creates so powerful an impression, as to render the laugher almost powerless. I like a good laugh. By the modern rules of etiquette we are almost forbidden to laugh, and therefore, one source of real and healthful enjoyment is obstructed. And how risible we are apt to become while listening to a good laugher. It is true to a proverb; and it may indicate the sympathy that exists

among our kind, and that would expand, if it were not, alas, too frequently stunted by the usages of society. Martial tells us to "laugh if we are wise;" and what more captivating in its right time and place, than a manifestation of intelligent and irrepressible mirth; what sweeter than the merry laugh of an interesting and light-hearted girl; or the ingenuous, and unconfined, and intelligible burst of a fine manly boy. Forgive. me,—but though I am gravity intensified, and would frown if I could,—yet if he be honest, open, sincere and generous, I can pardon him all his mischievous tricks, if he only laughs well while he is about them. Never mind my pigtail, or the chalk on my back, or the black on my nose,—though the young villain laughs before me and behind me, I shall really absolve him, if only he does so to the right tune.

Sir Richard Steele says, "In order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observations upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded as when they are pleased, and laughter being a visible

symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face." And Carlyle says,—"The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." Another author says, "Let us hear a man laugh, and we can decipher him at once, and tell how his heart beats;" and Lavater warns us when he says, "Shun that man that never laughs, who dislikes music, or the glad face of a child;" and a wiser man than either tells us with authority,—"There is a time to laugh." Descending from Solomon to Pope, who can help feeling the truth of these words of the latter writer:—"Let an ambassador speak the best sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a prince, yet if the tail of his shirt happen—as I have known it happen to a very wise man—to hang out behind, more people will laugh at that than attend to the other." Why, I do think I should laugh if such an incident were to occur at my own funeral. Surely, among other indications of character, man may be well said to be a laughing animal. Laughing, however, is not always rejoicing, not always gladsome. There is the hysteric laugh, which, I confess, alarms and terrifies me. What a sad travestie it is;

and as it is not in character, how the sorrowful laugher suffers. There is such a thing as laughing at the wicked. "The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall fear, and shall laugh at the man who loved evil more than good," and that "made not God his strength," and we are told of those who "laughed their enemies to scorn, and mocked them."

This suggests a thought upon the sardonic laugh. It is a laugh which I always regard as chilling and withering in the extreme. It acquires its name from the plant, well known to botanists and physicians as the *sardonius risus*. Its effect on the nervous system is tetanic,—the nerves of the face being most affected. It flashes like a meteor on the human face divine, and the countenance instantly relapses into a cold, blighting rigidity. I am never at my ease in the presence of a sardonic laugher; he appears to be one of those cold-blooded animals of whom we read, whose most appropriate region is the neighbourhood of an iceberg; and I feel instant relief at his departure. Cheerfulness does not expend itself in a hollow, cold, and heartless laugh; it does not grin horribly its ghastly smiles, nor does

a grin or a peculiar cachinnation, or certain impulsive movements of the facial nerves, necessarily indicate that the heart is happier. Few visible things are more delusive. The general tenor of a man's life only, can manifest the general serenity of his soul. Give me not the man who is so strictly regular, that you cannot find a fault, but rather one who has failings, and whose failings "lean to virtue's side."

If you are glad, let me see that you "heartily rejoice." If you grieve, weep not as though you rejoiced: weep with tears, and rejoice with gladness. Especially let this be manifested when offering your congratulations or administering sympathy. Let the manner be an index of the matter; cultivate truthfulness in both. Perfunctory and heartless courtesies, if not absolutely chilling, are very vapid. There was something generous and exemplary in the telling conduct of Shobi, the son of Nahash of Rabbah. He "brought beds and basons and earthly vessels, and wheat, and barley, and flour, and parched corn, and honey, and butter, and cheese of kine for David, and for the people that were with him to eat." And his reason for this generous and sumptuous display

is the moral and the essence of the story, and is a manifestation of the heartiness we all admire :—"for they said, The people is hungry, and weary, and thirsty, in the wilderness."

I cannot quit the subject of sneers, however, without touching upon another cause, somewhat akin to it, of heartless personal annoyance.

How many a quiet, unobtrusive, and well-judging aspirant for progress, or for your good offices, has been stung to the quick by a short, curt, reckless answer,—or rather by the manner of the answer. How have I seen a simple youth turn to a deep vermilion at some rough remark of an inconsiderate father in the presence, perhaps, of several listeners,—and his little ambition checked and laid low, because his equally little but natural pride was wounded. There is much to be said upon this. The word in season is not merely an apt quotation, nor a hint, nor a rebuke, nor a warning ;—no,—it is sometimes no more in season than a rose in December or a snow-flake at Midsummer. It is a rose, and it is a snow-flake still ; but comes

when it is not wanted, and is out of place So, when we would put a friend or a dependent on his guard against the world, or against himself, the time, the opportunity, the manner, are nearly as much a part of the counsel as the material thing itself.

Fashion is but one of the offshoots of manner. "Everything by turns but nothing long," it assumes the tyrannical sceptre of etiquette, and the dictatorial bearing of "Sir Oracle;" and will vary its despotic impositions from the accepted *liaisons* of Ovid, and the questionable moralities of the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers, or perhaps the unquestioned profligacy of the court and times of Charles the 2nd, to the ascetic prayers and dictations of rabid puritanism. In the 17th century its *quasi* loyalty and sanctimoniousness denounced even the natural and spontaneous manifestation of a smile, so frigid, so stoical, so hard and unbending were its requisitions: in the 18th century it uproots all time-honoured, national, and sacred institutions, and madly rushes into the precincts of heaven, to demand even from thence an unhallowed obedience to its dictates. Sometimes by stealthy steps and slow are the great changes

wrought, sometimes by a sudden recoil. When does fashion become vulgarity in the common and received meaning of the latter term?

Etiquette is the tyrant and the leveller of good manners. There is an etiquette in manner, and too frequently an obnoxious manner in etiquette. There is the same difference between manner and mannerism as between sanctity and sanctimoniousness. Some good people are always studying manners and practising in your presence; in their conversation labouring hard to produce the finest words, substituting occasionally one good word for another that was much better; and accomplishing two objects at once, intelligibly illustrating and manifesting their own acquisitions. Oh that people who cannot speak will be good enough to confine their operations to simply making themselves intelligible! Oh that people who can speak will condescend to do the same!

Etiquette is a fastidious vacillating despot that has changed sides too frequently and too capriciously to be depended on as an unerring guide; and as the wise man asked, "where is wisdom?" we would fain inquire, "where

is etiquette?" that is, where is it as a dispenser of the laws of manner? We see it sufficiently often in its operations in society, but from whom does it take its spring? We know whether such an one is or is not a well-bred person, and we are possibly charmed with the deportment of another, but like our analysis of taste, we scarcely can answer why? It would be difficult to separate or disengage the elements of the total which engages our attention, but that total nevertheless pleases us. Imagine the effect of a manner built upon rules; every movement, every gesture, to be the subject of a distinct written law. It would be to the reality of true inbred politeness what Frankenstein's monster was to the soul-filled man. The man who would be guided by a code in his intercourse, had better provide a table of laws for ready reference in all the ordinary appliances of life. What a lively affair it would be!

Yet, nevertheless, ceremony is often useful, and exercises much authority in some cases of social antagonism. I do not take Lord Chesterfield's views as sound: but it is admitted on all hands he said much that was good. His remarks upon ceremony have some point.

"All ceremonies in themselves," he says, "are very silly things, and yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them."

If a person's manner attracts our attention, as such, the probabilities are that there is something radically wrong in its composition. Either the essence that constitutes true politeness has radiated from the heart, its natural home, to the surface, or there is something beneath the veil that requires the plated covering which mere manner only can give. When etiquette becomes obnoxious or conspicuous, or is substituted in any measure for truth, and genuineness, and sincerity, and goodwill, we may be assured it is accompanied by emptiness of mind, or inappropriate diversion of principle. Excessive manner is the life-blood of small minds; etiquette, as a substantial qualification, is the Alpha and Omega of

tuft-hunters and speculators for gilded smiles, or for some other and less disinterested ends.

Lord Brougham very characteristically repudiates agreeable manners as a science. A man of his altitude may well regard manners as of inferior importance: blessed with the *fortiter in re* beyond most men, he may without criticism cast aside the lesser instincts of the mere outside; but while he does so, he recognises the serious importance of a good manner as an indication of the heart being right. He says "The semblance of esteem or even love for every thing that approaches, and the taking a ready interest in whatever concerns every one,—these imply such an unnatural suppression of feelings, such an habitual restraint upon the emotions of every kind, such a false position of the mind at all times, as is most easily learned under the sway and dread of a despotic prince."

This is not what I would contend for. But I would urge that affability of demeanour, that readiness of mind, that heartiness of soul, which would dread giving pain, however slight, by word, gesture, or act of any kind,—

that benevolence of spirit which is jealously susceptible of the feeling of others, and vibrates with quick and lively emotions whenever and wherever those feelings are touched.

Rochefoucauld says "Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so." Line and rule and compass,—laws and aphorisms,—never induced, in their conspicuous action, one scintilla of fine taste: figure and face are not the only requisites to produce the influence of a fair presence. Whole paragraphs of assurances, whole epistles of compliments, whole volumes of declarations must be scattered to the winds, before the mighty power, the inevitable indication, of a falling tear,—issuing from the crystal fountain of sincerity and truth. How is it that two souls blend at the first meeting? how is it that men become clothed in friendship's guise without a word, that minds are exchanged by a glance, that feelings are joined in an eternal affinity, ere yet their compass is measured or their tone tested. It is by the mysterious but intelligible and speaking power of manner, ascending like incense from the vestal fire of an honest heart.

And yet there must be etiquette: there must be forms and ceremonies between stranger and stranger, between lords paramount and vassal, between parent and child; in order to keep up the *vis vitæ* of that high principle which in honour prefers one another. I regard these requisites as among the forecourts of life. A few words upon these important safeguards.

I like the forecourts of life. They fence and guard men and institutions from the petty violences which would do them mischief, albeit they can scarcely resist the attacks of the determined depredator. Indeed, what shield, what battlements, can long shut out the combined operations of violence, cunning and treachery? Unless men be agreed in foregoing something, unless they recognize some neutral ground between them, the scarps and counter-scarps of life are as so many morasses where institutions and manners slide into nothingness to make way for the evils that are silently floating for activity. The manner of official intercourse must be maintained, if social good is desired. There is something of awe in the time-honoured pictures of the old judges, with their amplitude of wigs, and the portly rectors with

their sometimes unintellectual countenances, as they have hung, long before the time of the oldest beadle, in town halls and vestries of old market towns. As they are nearly all fat and weighty in their outward aspects, doubtless the wigs made amends for many shortcomings in the development of their magisterial or clerical functions; I love the thought of them, and feel more loyal and patriotic when I behold them; and so too, according to their measure, with the old prints of county members, in the parlours of ancient country inns. I say nothing about the little anachronisms of red coats and green trowsers; but there is something very subduing in their dramatic attitudes; and, depend upon it, those towns and villages have thriven best where the principle they evolve have been most upheld. The wig in the forum, the gown in the pulpit, the crown for royalty, the mace for the hall of justice, are important in their influences; but they lose that importance and that influence, the instant they are made the end instead of one of the elements of the means; but if the pageant be all, if the official ceremony take the highest place, if the white surplice be a rock of offence, then manner becomes injurious. Dr. Hook adverts to the contentions

between the black and white surplices, and the introduction of flowers in a church ; and he seems to infer that the facts alone absurdly and unworthily caused Christian men to differ even to acrimony. But he seems to pass by the natural and actual inferences from these introductions. The intrusion of the white surplice was not only borne with, but encouraged,—nay, the absence of that garment would be a token of reproach in some places ;—how is it that it was a cause of offence in others, where men were even of the same way of thinking ? I answer, simply because it was the matter of the manner,—simply because it was a party badge,—because it indicated a violence upon the accustomed mode of worship, and a symptom of an offensive change of creed or discipline. If the fashion were of no moment, why introduce it ? and, if so, why persevere in it ? There was but little excuse and no justification for the opposition it met with in many cases, from an unthinking multitude : still less were our accustomed teachers justified in giving an adventitious importance to the thing it implies, unless the manner indicated the matter. And yet, nevertheless, the wig and the gown are, in their way, fences to the law ; regal and municipal state

may be a more substantial upholder of regal and municipal power than we are inclined to imagine. The civilities of the dinner-table, and other conventional, although probably old-fashioned, usages and etiquettes of social intercourse, may be the means by which, among other elements of union, friendships are held together: and who does not remember frequent instances of friendly intercourse being absolutely severed by the thoughtless breach of some fashionable or social rule. The maxim that "the King can do no wrong" is an illustration of such a barrier as that to which I have adverted. We know its emptiness, but we recognise its importance. Should the question be raised, let the minister look out. The "forecourt" in this as in other cases, is like a belt of flowers, frail against desperate violence, but whose beauty and very frailty are the life of its strength. The successive rulers of the French nation have failed for the want of the "forecourt." They are, as to internal government, little more than chief commissioners of police, so that if misadventures, political or fiscal, should befal that great country, the malcontents who hunt up "Figaro here and Figaro there," fall at once upon the chief, and "there an end." In Great Britain, the

incipient rebel has to gradnate ere he can arrive at his consummation. He has to travel though various ranks of police subordinates up to their great head, the chief commissioner, each of the successive officers being a forecourt for his superior. Nor does it stop there. There are the Home Secretary and his co-efficients to subdue, and the military to face, long, long before he can find his way to the seat of Royalty. Communications between the Houses of Parliament, when they differ, are forecourts in their way. If one resists pertinaciously, they each know the danger in which both are involved, especially during exciting times, when men's minds are rife with political agitation. The civilities that are exchanged, the assumption of mutual respect, the delicacy in allusion to each other save as to "another place," are all characteristic. They are among the little forecourts of life. Then, again, the declarations of fidelity, truthfulness, and sincerity, with the important addition sometimes of perpetuity in regard, as attested by the subscription of correspondents; the assurance of "high," or of "distinguished consideration" verified by the sign manual of diplomatists on their parting with you at the termination of their letters, may be compared with the

exit of a friend from the portal of your garden. There are the combinations of floral gatherings fencing your home; and, while admiring the encircling shrubberies, we are apt to forget that they sometimes cover the spiked railings by which they are supported. Yet forecourts and curtilages are useful adjuncts nevertheless. Long live conventional usages! long may the wisdom of the wig flourish, and the cares of state be gilded and upheld by their little fripperies! There is more in these last than meets the eye; and the reflecting man of right mind will always concede the sweet uses of social requirements, and bow, and visit, and speak, or be silent, if principle be not violated, when and how society wills it, lest he should make his brother to offend.

Must manners necessarily be as Scylla or as Charybdis? Is there not a *via media?* Must a man be either a flatterer or a cynic? You have no right to lift me up by flattery, "as the eagle does the tortoise to get something by my fall;" you have, on the other hand, no authority to offend my sensitiveness by "bluff honesty." "The doors of the temple of flattery are so low that it can only be entered by crawling;" but it should

be remembered, too, that I cannot love the man much more because he storms my house that he may enter my chamber. Sir Walter Raleigh said, "a flatterer is a beast that biteth smiling;" but I know not that I love bull-dog sincerity more warmly.

Neither of these alternatives approaches that for which I would earnestly contend,—the evident truth of refinement in manners;—that truth which is palpable, and radiates so tellingly, as to permeate through the hearts and the manners of all within its halo.

The refinement I advert to is an indication of refinement in mind, of a high moral tone, of upright principle, of emotions alive to the beauties of sympathy, and to the excellencies of a graceful heart, and a benevolent soul. And it does not detract from the truth of this proposition to admit that all this may be simply assumed. Religion is no less religion because it is counterfeited. The assumption of the type is an involuntary tribute to the antitype.

And so with the assumption of friendship and other social virtues. There are men who make false estimates upon these subjects: I do not mean simply erroneous or inaccurate estimates; but estimates formed upon wrong data. When a man comes to show you his willingness to serve you, by "incumbering you with help," when you have already attained your end, he makes a *false* estimate: so, when he gives you information upon which he knows you have long since acted, or when he is anxious, solicitously anxious, that you should believe in his desire to serve you, and you know that his anxiety has never yet manifested itself to any practical purpose,—he makes a false estimate: so, too, when he will not interfere in a good cause,—but is silent and impassive that he may keep out of harm's way;—so, when he will not (being your avowed friend) defend you in your absence, for fear of giving offence,—so, when he nods, shrugs, sighs, coughs, or looks unutterable things, instead of giving vocal shape to those vulgar and dastardly significations, for fear of being caught in an overt and defined act of self-committal, although he might do more mischief by his contortions or his signs than words could ever create, at the same time believing that he

escapes the responsibility of language,—then he makes a false estimate. He makes a false estimate in his appreciation of the reception of these telegraphic signs. He fancies you cannot read him. Because you, too, are silent, your vision is set down as imperfect. Because you say nothing, you are supposed to have nothing to say. Never does such a man succeed for long. One of his false estimates is his measure of himself; another is, his measure of you: and the great mistake of all is his appreciation of the end of these things. Where, and what is he, at last? However simple-minded one man may be, another such a man as I have described loses caste with him; the former may not be able to give an intelligible analysis for his want of affinity, for his actual repulsion, but the antagonism is there, though its demonstration be not present.

The old verse about "Dr. Fell" has much in it, and I must repeat it, at the risk of being considered tedious:—

> "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why, I cannot tell,
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

Now, all that needs be said about this is, that the man who utters these lines is mainly right in his conclusions, the only error is, perhaps, that he has not arrived by recognised and prescribed rules at the actual result.

Just imagine one man communicating to another some little cowardly depreciations of their common neighbour, in the telegraphic signs I have adverted to. His look teems with small malevolence; his tongue burns with eagerness to say something, no matter how mischievous, so he may speak; his natural cautiousness suggests the miserable expediency of not being too outspoken; and their neighbour is the victim of a star-chamber inquisition, without knowing what his crime is, without knowing that he is impeached, without being put upon his defence. So many volumes have been written upon open and secret slander, and the overt uncharitableness and censoriousness of the world, that if I were inclined, I should think it unnecessary to say more at this time as to the slanderer. But what of the listener? What of the receiver of the contraband calumnies? Well, much has been said of him also: if there were no greedy recipients there would be few givers. But one aspect

of the case appears to be forgotten by him. The man who shrugs, and looks, and points, and does all but talk,—must inevitably regard the listener as a traitor. He avoids the plain use of language for fear his listener should repeat it and betray him. There cannot, I think, be any other reason for his avoiding the legitimate and noble and recognised use of his faculties, in their plain and ordinary occupation, and resorting to the exercise of shuffling gestures, and cowardly but expressive silence as means of communication. Meet companions these, according to their mutual measure. It might be a curious subject of inquiry, to ascertain the exact amount of respect these people entertain for each other when they part, to go on their several ways; and the self-complacency in which they may indulge on their first meeting with their absent friend.

"———————————— Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulation's winding way."

Slander:— "The whispered tale
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;—
Fair-faced deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct; the tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting."

And Charity:— "a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first.
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies."

Among those who make false estimates, not only of society, but also of themselves, are the men who "suffer a change" by reason merely of alterations in their own circumstances or position, or in the circumstances or position of those about them. The change I refer to is, in a great measure, indicated in the following quaint but expressive lines:—

"Are ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thriving my man?
Be thankful to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;
Ye'll hae plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',
When ye needna their countenance,—a'body kens ye.
A'body kens ye,
A'body kens ye,
When ye needna their countenance a'body kens ye.

But wait ye a wee, till the tide takes a turn;
An' awa wi' the ebb drifts the favours she sen's ye,
Cauld friendship will then leave ye lanely to mourn;
When ye need a' their friendship, then naebody kens ye.
Naebody kens ye, &c.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are sae,—
It's the butterfly-friends that misfortune should fear aye,—
There are those worth the name—gude sen' there were mae,
Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye.
Naebody kens ye," &c.

We can scarcely move in what is called the world without observing occasionally that cold supercilious politeness, that superficial affability, which is too often shown to the really great in soul by those who are conventionally elevated, and which, as Geoffry Haredale expressively describes it,—"condescends to us in every word and deed, and keeps more aloof, the nearer they approach us." There are other phases of social and half friendly antagonism that occasionally cast their somewhat lowering clouds upon the otherwise calm and unruffled surface. Let me offer an allegory as illustrative of this principle, and which may have some truth in it.

He is a quiet, sensible, mild-spoken, rather free, and friendly young man. He is indeed affable, and evidently anxious to stand well with me and my family. His age may be twenty-six or twenty-eight. He has been studying for the church, has had a short time at Cambridge and attained degrees, evidencing his talent and perseverance. But he has passed that now, and has obtained, for his reward, a small curacy, with much labour in the parish schools, where, having a rector who is not too partial to work, he has his days, and almost his

nights filled with doubts and anxieties to overflowing. Alas! he can scarcely keep his neat black exterior in good condition, before his new habiliments are ordered, and he is obliged to subscribe to local institutions out of his penury. We like him, and are always pleased when he can give us an hour or two from his wearying and sometimes heart-sickening employments. He is occasionally seen to smile and look thoughtful, whenever any of us incautiously mentions the hope of preferment; but he is never known to express a desire for it. Hence we like him the better, and we wish, vain and unlikely though it is, that he may one day be a bishop.

His rector is at length bilious, and, if not unfit, at least unwilling to preach twice or three times every Sunday, and our young clerical friend preaches for him. At first the sermons are winning, elegant, persuasive; they do not exactly bring tears to our eyes, but they inevitably lay hold of our hearts. We know that what he says is true, and our pride values the discovery, which while it improves our own self-complacency, raises him in our estimation.

Preferment at length comes. Talent is not always hidden under a bushel. He is nominated to a moderate living in the country a long way off, and under the eye, or within the immediate observation, of a great Statesman. He leaves us with tears, and we lose him with sorrow unfeigned. He expresses to us his lasting gratitude for what we regard as very insignificant services. But he has gone; and we lose sight of him; and for the first year or so, we have from him some very kind and friendly letters.

Six years afterwards, he has become a bishop. I saw him, for the first time since he left my house, on the platform of a railway station. I was told he was there, and I sought him. He was still tall and thin, and I scarcely thought that his hat and dress became him as to his exterior. However, there he was, and I ventured to accost His Lordship. To my surprise and mortification, although he knew me, and did not even affect to forget me, I was met by a cold and ceremonious salutation. I knew he was now my superior, and I could not charge myself with undue familiarity. Indeed, it is not in my nature. He was the man I once knew so

well, and loved so much, but, apparently, how changed! We were detained waiting for the train; and, during the interval, we were all marching and countermarching up and down the platform: but he took no further notice of me. I went to my place in a first-class carriage, and he presently looked in, apparently intending to take his place there too; but he did not. He thanked the guard very politely, and said he would go into the next carriage, which he did.

I could have sighed; and I own that I wished he had not been made a bishop. Is it necessary, when by our talents and the aid of circumstances, and move onward and upward, and obtain, for instance, a bishop's hat, that we should forget the sacred claims of friendship? Does it militate against a man's spiritual or administrative usefulness to manifest symptoms of the best emotions of the human heart? Does the professional humility imbibed by the graduate in clerical distinctions necessarily presuppose social pride as a natural result? And is it seldom that while the hierarchy in the established church are taught to love their inferiors with preceptive love, broad as their sphere of legal usefulness,

they forget at the same time the additional impulses that moved their great Head towards the beloved disciple? Alas! I fear that this is not an uncommon case; too frequently do men forget that the emotions of human friendship add grace and dignity, and give force and power, to the most elevated positions in this world's life, whether in the church or in any other of the learned professions; and that the channel especially of human affections, broad and deep as it is, clear, and lucid, and transparent, may be made a highway for the conversion and edification of the soul. But I introduce this episode rather for the illustration of a principle indicated in a comparatively trifling incident. There was deep matter in the manner of the greeting to which I have adverted. It was simply a symptom. And yet I have some reason to believe and to hope that the cloud was a transient one. Bishops and statesmen are but men; and reflection and a right direction of mind will tend to the improvement of all.

A reference to the church suggests a few words as to the enunciation that meets us there at least once or twice a week. The manner of reading a sermon,

or the services, or indeed almost any passage in any work, not only sometimes materially alters the sense intended by the author; but what is here more to my purpose, it affects the spirit by which the listener is actuated. A comma in a wrong place, a staccato syllable, a bated breath, or a forte accompaniment, volubility in the pathos, a small voice in the exordium or the argument, abruptness, awkwardness, or peculiarity of any kind, all these very seriously affect the construction and the appreciation of the context. I am not about to venture a lecture upon rhetoric, or upon mere enunciation or gesture; the grammars and the encyclopedias will do this with more judgment and effect; but it must be admitted that we are all made up of such human stuff, are so much under the dominion of eyes and ears, that the manner in which a man addresses us, in the pulpit, or on the stage or on the platform, is the vehicle by which he travels to our hearts. I know I have been much influenced in my tone of mind at church according to the manner of the reader and the preacher, and have, oh, how frequently, longed for the end with zealous impatience, and culpable cynicism. I am not advocating or even defending this *quasi* religion; for

it is clearly—shall I say inexcusable? There is the fact, and if we must correct our tendencies to hyper-criticism in places of worship, is there any harm in just very gently suggesting to both reader and preacher, that they should look to the matter too.

I do not desire to be rocked in my cradle "by the slippered foot of a soft-speaking minister to all delicate ditties;" but I think I should not willingly choose Briarens to visit me with his well-hammered eloquence, or Boanerges to pound in his way unpleasant truths in my ear. It may be rejoined, and fairly rejoined too, that it is monstrous to suppose a culprit (and we are all culprits) should be permitted fastidiously to choose his own numbers for the sweet lispings, or to select the colour of the ink in which his accusation is to be drawn: I admit it, and further that it may appear to argue a very small amount of pious attention or sincere contrition, when one of the elements of either is the grammatical or the manner-test by which we are to weigh the precepts, the warnings, or the threatenings. All this is true; yet molten lead is very useful for blending cast-iron:

and it will be well to tell solemn truths in the best language and in the best manner.

The association of persons with ideas is one of the mysteries of mind. Given a hero, or a person of high degree, or a celebrity, and instantly from the mind issues forth a fitting shape. There seems, too, a meetness in the combination, and a reasonableness which can scarcely be questioned. Did ever any living man conceive of a Cæsar with the appearance of John Wilkes with cross eyes crosswise. Would Milton or Shakspeare have ever been ushered in to the unfailing admiration of the world, if their names had chanced to be Flanagan or Buggins, or if, with lofty and expansive and refined minds, their material frames had presented themselves as dumpy, or hoppy, or snubby, or dirty, and we knew it? Just imagine a lisping or a de-aspirating or ex-aspirating Romeo: or Narcissus with a snuffle, or Juliet with a vulgar cold; or Alexander the Great with a hawking grunt; or the eye that excited the thoughts of the Danish prince, an incontrovertible swivel; or a bilious-looking Adonis, with literally a "jaundiced eye;" or Eve at the fountain, the first edition of the Hottentot Venus.

Granted that all this is matter of taste, and as eloquence is as much in the auditor as in the speaker, so taste, or the want of it, is as much in the eye that perceives as in the subject that is perceived. Of course these are simply questions of measure, and whether the examples I have suggested be apposite or not, the principle and the notion are the same.

Let me offer another vagary of imagination in which there is some truth. I went once to confession,—only once. I was very devout,—indeed I was; and I was very sorry,—I was indeed. I tried all I could to make myself miserable, and to picture myself as black as dark Erebus, and, to a certain extent, I succeeded. What a wretch I felt myself; and I went in to my place on the stool of the penitents. It was in a private room of the priest; after dinner; yes, after; for the prandial fumes still hovered about the walls; it was somewhat dark and sombre; but the chamber was, as it appeared, by no means calculated to excite one's notions of the creature comforts of human life. The priest had a coarse countenance;—odd, was it not? that I should have noticed it at so solemn and depressing a moment. Was it

tobacco that greeted my semi-pious olfactories?—But let that pass. I commenced the gloomy catalogue of my crimes. Now, forgive me for my irreverence, but I felt like one amazed;—the "holy" father took snuff, and his inhalations of the "savoury concrete" were accompanied by a gush and a gurgle which alarmed and discomfited me, and banished all my poetry: he smelt of snuff, he breathed snuff, and when he spoke, his voice—

> "—— had an odd promiscuous tone,
> As if he talked three parts in one;
> Which made me think when he did gabble,
> I heard three labourers of Babel."

I took my departure very soon, and rejoiced at my release,—sadly cut down, and improved for the worse; and it was long, very long, before I regained the proper balance of my mind. Oh, the appropriateness of persons and things! Oh, the matter of manner!

Let it not be supposed that I have adduced this illustration as a specimen of the class of divines to whom it refers. Very far from it. Who shall doubt the piety that reigns through the church of which the "father" I have pictured is a ruling member? Christianity abounds

in that church, notwithstanding it is so sadly shrouded with absurdities; and the manner as well as the matter of thousands and tens of thousands of its adherents, sets a bright example of devotion that professors of other creeds would do well to follow.

But we pass on to another phase of manner. The manner of men in their open appreciation of recognised faults is entitled to deep and serious consideration; and here I would entreat the reader to lay a gentle hand on mine, and readily to believe that I know how much easier it is to find faults even in ourselves, than to correct them. We are all of us well-meaning to a certain extent; and being so, every one of us has had serious internal misgivings and self-rebukes for what we may have said or done, or left unsaid or undone;—more frequently the former than the latter. Let us give each other credit for a similar process, as occasion shall appear to demand; and let us remember, too, that imperfection is the chief characteristic of man's character. Perfection—

> "——— Is not the growth of earth:
> The search is useless if you seek it there.
> 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
> And only blossoms in celestial air."

If this be so, let us endeavour to find some excuse for our friend's errors,—let us appoint some counsel by order of the court, to defend the prisoner, before we record a final verdict against him. This mode of action, like other processes, will manifest the inner workings of our minds upon the surface,—upon the manner; and will teach us—"to hide the faults *we* see."

I know it is often very difficult to decide correctly; for there are some ill-conditioned men with good points, with whom if we have not taken "sweet counsel," we have at least admitted them into our confidence, and reciprocated social privileges; and the full measure of whose dark spots has not been adequately shadowed out until the pressure of adverse circumstances has tried and weighed them, and found them wanting. It would seem very cruel and very worldly to desert a fallen friend just at the culminating point of his misfortunes. But even at this serious cost principle must be maintained; a wrong act, and, much more, a series of wrong acts, is perfectly definable; and the man who commits them violates the social compact against the hallowed instincts of friendship,—and must take the consequences. But

our duty is to act as if we had engaged in a bad speculation; and although we cannot and ought not to re-admit into our inner confidence the man whose principles are at length discovered to be wrong, we must not lightly regard the friendship and the communion that is, alas! of the past. We ought not, if we could, recklessly and indifferently to cast away, as a forgotten thing, the sanctity of friendly intercourse; and, to a certain extent too, we must take to ourselves some of the consequences of that intercourse. Oh, if, by the charity that hopeth all things, thou hast won thy brother! What, if the fault is atoned for by hearty acknowledgments; what, if the cloud has dispersed, if the bow appear in the heavens, signifying not only weeping, but its indispensable accompaniment, sunshine? what if the lacerated feelings be soothed into soundness more sound than before? Granted that a cicatrized wound is the result; yet an effort should nevertheless be made. After all, the shadows help with the lights to form the picture; and although we would not sin that grace may abound, yet the very imperfection of human nature demands our sympathy, for we belong to the same order. Our relative shortcomings are not to be measured by scale; some are at

zero, some at fever heat, but all point to one degree or another. Indeed, I agree with Professor Wilson, in the principle inferred from his remark, that if it were told him a perfect person was entering the room,—he would quit it directly.

Akin to these suggestions, is the importance of a due manner to those who have seen better days. A difficult question; for with all our charity and forbearance, many of those who have seen better days, have, by their own conduct, or by their own heedlessness, been the main cause of their falling upon evil times. And so, the thoughtful and prosperous man deserts them; and so, the world concludes that the altered circumstances alone have caused the isolation; and so, censure is rife, and proverbs are plentiful. There is a reference to the worship of the rising sun, to the hare with many friends, and so forth. Now this subject should be met face to face. It is a perfectly natural result, that if a man falls in circumstances, because he has fallen, or rather because his level has always been low in principle, that his circle of friendships (so called) should be disintegrated; but we should remember the charge to restore

such an one in the spirit of meekness; we should be on our guard, not to add, to the bitterness of disappointment, of self reproach, and adversity, the chilling blight of unkindness of manner. A bland and meek consideration for the feelings of others is perfectly consistent with high and firm principle; and it may be advanced as a certain truth, that the combination of both will result in settled conviction, and in good habits of thought permanently established.

Kindness of manner is as the dawning sun upon a bleak and sterile region; it is the life of worldly happiness. The Rev. Charles Kingsley thus writes of Sir Sidney Smith; and so adduces telling evidence in support of our proposition. "The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to me to have arisen from the one fact, that without perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately; so, leaving a blessing, and reaping a blessing, wherever he went." Who knows not the

contagion of a happy manner? How we love the friend who seems to warm us with his presence; and how, as it were, with an involuntary and irresistible impulse, we bend our unconscious footsteps to that place where haply we may meet him!

A man of kind heart and good bearing, shake him as you will, is like a well-made kaleidoscope: you produce by every turn a fresh combination of beautiful and lively shapes and colours.

Yes, there is an unspeakable consolation in the heart-beaming sympathy of the truthful, which seems in the very hour of trouble to "give us back our tears," with such earnestness, such tone, that we would rather have our sorrows than lose our solace. Oh, how sweet the gentle soothings of a friendship which proclaims its kindred with our hearts and our emotions without one uttered syllable!

This heaven-fraught feeling may be brought somewhat more in relief by a contrast or two.

"We meet men with irascible tempers and uncompliant dispositions," says a modern writer, "who have been fighting all their days with difficulties of their own raising, and rendering success impossible by their own ungentle ways; while others, with much less talent, achieve success, fully as much by their courtesy, as by their ability."

"There are some," says an old author, "who affect a want of affectation, and flatter themselves they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge; they are so satisfied of the suavity of their own temper, that they would quarrel with their dearest benefactor only for doubting it. And yet so very blind are all their acquaintance to their numerous qualifications and merits, that the possessors of them invariably discover when it is too late, that they have lived in the world without a single friend, and are about to leave it without a single mourner."

Again.—How is it that those whom we love, and who are kind to us, find us apt, ready, persevering, to please, gratify, and serve them? How is it that pupils can learn so cheerfully, and with such comparative ease, of kind preceptors? Under them progress appears marvellous. Each day records a palpable acquisition; every movement made is, by a mysterious affinity, towards them. The solution of this proposition I leave to the hearts and the understandings of all who know what it is to feel in their inmost souls the electric influence of an encouraging smile, a kind word, a bland precept,—and the opposite result, the prostration through a black look, and a meaningless and unnecessary and ill-conditioned rebuke.

There are occasions in which manner may involve objectively perpetual weal or woe. Let us reflect upon the case of the *fallen*, and how sometimes a word in season may check the tendency to a lower depth or the fearful consequences of past turpitude. Doubtless the complacent reader will be disposed to limit the participle in italics to its application to the weaker sex, and the social construction of the term would indicate the in-

ference as fair. Not so. "Fallen" knows no distinction of sexes. There are no variations of gender in the term. But for the moment we will take it with its usual signification. Let us imagine then a degraded woman,

> "——————————— whose wildly fixed eyes
> Seem a heart overcharged to express;
> She weeps not, but often and deeply she sighs,
> She never complains, but her silence implies,
> The composure of settled distress."

I am not among the number of those who indulge in half intelligible sentimentalisms upon the cruelty of man, and the weakness of woman; nor can I admit the irreverent injustice of charging Providence with an unequal or unfair distribution of strength, power, privileges, and responsibilities. It is true that men are by nature masculine, and women feminine; that the muscular frame of one is, compared with the other, as welded iron is to molten silver; but the silver can buy the iron; and while men have power women have toils. The word "fallen" is spelt alike in both cases; the facts are, in the sight of God, upon a level. Sin is not more or less sin, by whomsoever it may be committed. Nor is it, I think, just, to charge society with an invidious

distinction in its estimate of "the fallen." We are told by the clamourers for even-handed justice that while God's law is equally rigid and just as to both, society spurns the fallen woman while the fallen man is free. First let us ask, what is society? Does it mean the degraded portion of mankind?—for the subject must be analysed. Surely not,—for there they all think alike. Does it mean mankind in the aggregate? It cannot,—for no one can pronounce a verdict from such heterogeneous and varied elements. Society has only two divisions, the right-minded, and the wrong-minded. The latter division may be cast aside. What is the decree of the former? What is yours, reader? What is mine? Why that there is no distinction between the sexes as to the commission of sin. There are some of the fairer sex whose gentle, placid, determined, and bright glance is more invulnerable than an iron-plated vessel against the shafts of the destroyer,—a glance that can convert a giant into a pigmy, and make him bite the dust; and, doing so, can turn the blasting prurient wilderness of upas-trees into a garden of all manner of leaves for the healing of nations. Away then with the cowardly and thoughtless shiftiness that would attribute woman's

wrong only to the seducer! Away with that shallow excuse that would cast upon one only the sin of two! While we indulge in an outcry against the social injustice of casting degradation upon the woman alone, let us also impugn the justice of censuring only the other sex. Excuses like these began at the commission of the first sin, and they reign prevalent now: producing the natural consequences, the waiving of due responsibility, and a half and uncandid recognition of the true state of the case.

Rather let us endeavour to raise the tone of the female mind; rather fortify it by teaching subjective self-dependence, and by promoting that high sense of feminine dignity, "as circumspect as Cynthia in her vows," that inevitable and unconquerable evidence of angelic disdain, which would baffle the cowering besieger, and make the creature feel, in the words of the veiled prophet—

"What a wretch he is."

But this is a digression, arising, nevertheless, from the subject. We have to do with manner to the fallen, as so conventionally distinguished.

Is she to be spurned? cast down to the edge of the precipice, over which the very slightest frown would impel her? Oh, certainly she can never again take her place in the world as once she held it; and, if she could, the taunts of memory and of conscience would embitter her cup: but surely there is a mean between the highest seat and the Tophet of destruction, whither she might be hurled. It is not my object, nor would it be appropriate to enter into or to suggest details,—for this is not an address on behalf of the numerous charities for the reclamation of the lost; but when the intentions are kind, there are fruitful means to be found for the purpose,—and if the debased creature be saved, oh, how much is done towards the casket of jewels,—how inestimable the saving of even one unit amid the gigantic masses by which she is surrounded!

"Let any person," says an American writer, "put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? and a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of

affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the meek would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that kindness wins all by its smile giving them confidence and securing their friendship."

I may safely appeal to the experience of the reader, and ask, does not the exercise of kindness, which is manner intensified, produce a gratification in one's own heart, and give a new interest in the recipient. If "the heart wants something to be kind to," is not the kindness suggested the fruitful source of friendship and affection? And do not these impulses fill the soul with gladness? It is in the power of every one, no matter what his station, to diffuse joy around, by the affability of his manner, if that manner be an intelligible testimony to the generous warmth of his heart. There is a music there which produces like chords in the bosoms of others, and the sweet vibrations attune the soul towards the

exquisite harmony of universal love. It is not simply that we are kind to those we love; the converse is equally forcible and true,—we love those we are kind to.

And what a claim is there in a loveable manner! There are three sisters just ripening into the settled beauty of established womanhood, all with nearly equal talents; in circumstances as may be easily supposed of great similarity; and all regarded as prompted by high principles, and well-directed minds. There is but little difference in their ages, and as to personal appearance really not much to choose among them. The eldest is sedate, with a small tinge of blue in her mind and manner, full of conversation, and that of a high order. She has evidently read much, and has a happy aptitude for imparting and disseminating her knowledge; indeed she is a little looked up to in her circle, and is the court of appeal in her family. The youngest sister is almost a counterpart of the eldest; but I have discerned that among the many good things she says, few only seem to be thoroughly her own; and yet so cleverly has she adapted them that she is to be esteemed for her talent even in this respect; for it evidently arises not from

a spirit of plagiarism, but from an assimilating mind, from an affection that catches the tint of everything it clings to. She too is an ornament in every little coterie that is happy enough to number her as one; and I could love her were not her next elder sister there. But who can help being fascinated by the loveable nature and manner of the last of my three illustrations. There is no solitary atmosphere around her;—old and young are influenced by that bright vivacity, that sweet smile, that evident self-abnegation, that tender and solicitous consideration for the feelings of others; that power of transmutation, so to speak, by which the cares of life are denuded of their sting, and the joys of life imbibe a fresh bloom, if her influence be brought to bear upon their respective destinies. And her loveableness takes its spring from the heart. What Sterne calls "the small sweet courtesies of life" are, with her, in full and active operation; but they are nevertheless inevitable indications of a deeply-seated power which, directs her own doings with others, and lends enchantment to her associations. A loveable manner is a lever of great might with all who are fortunate and happy enough to feel its warmth. It takes the place of larger virtues and more useful

abilities: the riches of the mind have a strong rival in its presence; and if I were selected to choose one or other of the two possessions, high ability or a loveable manner, I think I should, like Garrick with Tragedy and Comedy, feel myself in a straight between the two.

There is matter in the passing tear, in the intelligible communion of a feeling heart. If we can give nothing else to yon poor sufferer, we can at least give him one tear of sympathy, or one soothing word; and oh, how it enriches him, how it fans the dying embers of hope, as by the gentle breath of the fragrant zephyr! This is indeed the charity which twice blesses. But a frown, or a token of indifference,—and how the afflicted one droops, as the ripening corn bends beneath the northern blast. One kind smile penetrating his soul through the channel of his tears, is as the sunshine piercing through the morning mist.

Patience and forbearance are sometimes noble illustrations of the matter of manner.

It is kind to wait on people's dulness, to soften their

asperities, to temper with a *dolce* touch, the *staccato* and *forte* movements of others. Dr. Watts could without effort or affectation, lower his mind and bend himself to the capacities of children, so that there arose a direct avenue of communion between their spirits. And there was One, who, albeit the weightier matters of the law and the highest rhetoric of science were as nothing to Him, could descend and be delighted as the teacher of babes and the companion of children.

Real and active friendship, practical service, is as the ocean which we admire, and at which we sometimes marvel;—kindness of manner, pervading a man's life, is as the sweet streamlet that borders and refreshes the meadow. We wonder at the former, we love the latter. We seek the sea for a great change; but we linger on the gently sloping banks of the brook, and we listen to its sweet and suggestive purl which tells us of the friends we love, and of the sweet moments "rich in blessing," of a varied life, calling us back from the pressure of the care that embitters to the contemplation of the bounties which are ever hovering over the most tried.

Civil offices may be trivial: they do not necessarily cost much of time, labour, or money; and we regard them with satisfaction, and perhaps no more; but a man exhibits a much higher phase of humanity, who lays himself out to perform civil offices as the rule of his life; who delights in rendering service; who not only tells you the way, but troubles himself to explain; who not only throws a passing glance at your trials, but soothingly endeavours to avert them, in the spirit of Him who taught us to bear one another's burdens. This is the manner that is especially indicative of the matter. Mere manner may be simply the covering of snow, an extraneous garment that hides we know not what; the courteous manner that is matter is as the dew that nourishes, and invigorates, and enriches, and delights.

A good listener can exemplify the matter of manner as expressively as any willing holocaust; and there are, perhaps, few who are ready to sacrifice themselves adequately in this respect. To listen to the artless tales and conjectures of infantine innocence is a large means of heartfelt enjoyment. Dr. Watts, to whom I have already

alluded, is known to have been an amiable instance of self-negation among children ; and I can scarcely designate it by this term either, for he drew from his converse with the little prattlers much practical delight, which he almost invariably reciprocated. How the heart yearns to the little ones, who, unable to regard the gulf that exists between the ages, seem eager to be with, and to afford, according to their minute measure, some gratification to the old man who kindly notices them. A tale of ordinary sorrow, the incidents of which we may ourselves have experienced, may be hearkened to in such a manner, as may, by the very process, be the means of affording comfort and alleviation; and even a prosy man may be borne with by the kind-hearted,—in such a way as to afford sufficient conscious delight to the self-immolated, so as to be its own reward. The saying, "a *word* in season," is very appropriate ; it does not mean a page, a lecture, or a volume ; it would seem to indicate that the occasional and effectual interposition of a solitary word of comfort in the hour of "loquacious grief," or of advice in the course of garrulous self-complacency are the balm and the styptic, which contribute very much to the well-being of social life. I mean by a "good"

listener, a man who will not only bear and forbear, but will also, so far as he finds fair opportunity, reciprocate by the exchange of minds; for as reciprocity is the very life of conversation, so the man who does not, when he may, contribute to its proper force, does not faithfully fulfil his part.

What is the depth of that gulf that yawns between the simply rich and the simply poor? What its width? Its length appears to extend through the gorges of society, through the ups and downs of life, and to present itself most frowningly wherever and whenever the poor man attempts to cross it. There are two banks to that gulf, and it seems fair to examine them separately. On the farther side is the region of Golconda, and the lofty-looking person standing there has acquired some of its possessions, by means sufficiently equitable as the world goes, and he is now luxuriating in the troublesome comfort the consummation of his heartiest and most enduring wishes has produced. On this bank is the poor man who set out in life with him upon level ground. Dives is nettled at the glances thrown at him from

time to time; if his looks could be interpreted, they would appear to say,

"Thou troubl'st me!"

and the recollection of the means by which he obtained his present exaltation, of the associates he has felt himself called upon to abandon, one by one, as he ascended each successive round of fortune's ladder, and the conviction that eyes are still upon him which saw him at its foot, somewhat embarrass him and become the worm in his gourd. What then? He would probably lift up his old associate if he could; and then conjectures will haunt him that retrospects will be revived, that the world that knows him only as he is, will be likely by juxtaposition with the subject of his thoughts to find out what he was, and imagining much more, would regard him as a parvenu, a mushroom, an intruder, and so cut down his caste, and prejudice his social power. While self-made men too frequently forget themselves when on fortune's topmost round, and too often forget their kith and kin whose lot was not cast so high,—it is a fact too that the less fortunate sometimes may fairly attribute their reverses, and the absence of a helping hand, to their wonted and culpable garrulity

and their want of discretion. They forget that in these as in other matters, by-gones should be by-gones. Hence the difficulty in fording the gulf, and attaining the other side: doubtless the man who is there has exercised during his advance discretion and watchfulness; is it too much to ask his less fortunate brother to try the effect of these two principles? There must be two parts to the compact; the recipient is under some engagements equally with the donor; but it is too often seen that if men cannot reach the high level of their quondam compeers, they endeavour to produce an equality by lowering the mountain instead of filling up the valley. And yet, all things being favourable, how cheering is it to witness the kind and soothing and encouraging help, given by fortune's favorite to him whose life has been darkened by the clouds of "ne'er do weel" strugglings. The "overflowings of humanity" thus pictured are among the sweetest scenes upon life's turbid currents. A mannerly man "lifteth the poor out of the mire;" an "unmannerly Christian" is a contradiction in terms.

The manner between servants and principals, is one

of those substantial influences that can almost mar or make the happiness of domestic life. How very much depends upon the bland yet firm demeanour of a talented master or mistress; how much too upon the respectful attention of a domestic. I think that much of the disquietude of which we hear, in reference to discipline and servitude, is attributable to the want of consideration as much on the part of domestic rulers as domestic servitors. The quiet unobtrusive neat order of a servant will frequently give promise that the reigning powers in the establishment are equal to their day: and on the other hand show me a mild intelligent lady, the mistress of a household, and I shall be able as frequently to demonstrate the good conduct of the maid. Respect is one of the elements of good service, and respect cannot be rendered where it is thought to be undeserved:—mild and firm rule is equally an ingredient in the efficient government of a household. To rule others well, it is clear that we must begin with ourselves; for cheerfulness in obedience is as much a duty as obedience itself: and cheerfulness is very much fostered if the serf looks up to and esteems the lord In these as in all other feats to be ɔmplished,—the world is not to be taken

by storm or wholesale, the units form the mass; "sands form the mountain, moments make the year." Make it a principle if possible never to leave any man with a feeling of rancour against you: make every man a friend. Of course, following up the principle of this essay, it must be done in sincerity and truthfulness; not simply by the exterior, but by the intelligible eloquence that issues from the heart. If a young man begins what is called life upon this basis, and pursues the principle steadily and perseveringly, just imagine the large circle of friends that in a few years must be about him to raise him if depressed, to cheer him if sad, to congratulate him if prosperous, and even to conduce to that prosperity. I have said his process must be truthful; aye, truthful throughout; for nothing is more transparent than the mere manner of a man whose heart and spirit do not accord with it. A man, who acts simply upon his manner, finds at the end that he has been throughout forming a wrong judgment of the world, of himself, and of the consequences. Men's characters are made up and appreciated rather by the measure of their ordinary dealings than by isolated brilliant exploits. We heard of great victories in the Crimean war achieved

with singular success by Generals who, through them, became the idols of the day. The day only, alas! for their military talents and their genius for command were exotics not indigenous plants. They did not serve in all hours of need. What then? They were not great generals. So in common life; so in ordinary transactions; so in little matters. The sum of a man's character is to be estimated not by great achievements, not by meteor-like actions but by his general grain, by the manner in which he habitually thinks and acts. Try to be trusted in all matters, of course worthily. Let the confidence it implies increase with the expansion of your years. The man who does this, and does it judiciously, is he of all others who may be deemed "the noblest work of God." In the smallest transactions let every one feel he is safe with you. Here, more than in any position of life, practise self-denial; always be disposed to give the verdict against yourself. In matters of doubt, admire justice, but be generous; bear all the fractions that tell against you; nobly and silently yield those that seem to be yours. Do this upon principle. Bargain-driving, even with the fates in a holy cause like this, is worse than contemptible. And remember what a rich

harvest of satisfaction is given to the man who practises right theories. If this be your heart, it is your practice; if your practice, be assured it will be your manner. Oh, what matter there is in a manner like this! Without your knowing the mode of operation, without understanding how it is that the seed fructifies, somehow or other it increases the love of those about you, and even the most cross-grained among them, who is ready to fasten his talons upon all, will pause when he approaches you, and will be subdued. Of such intense power is that generous loving-kindness which is so sound and well-grounded as to manifest itself in one's daily walk. Fractions are but a poor and pitiful consideration in the abstract, but there is more in the principle I advert to than the thoughtless would imagine. The man who is accustomed to decide against himself in small matters is one who is likely to treat all things generously; and I believe he can educate himself in the practice of self-denial with a force which graduates and intensifies by its exercise It is not so simply upon the dry principle of honour,—because it is right: but because he loves it. Many men do good things shabbily; and the manner of doing them materially derogates from their effect and

usefulness. Liberal men scorn to do things by halves: they apply their principle to all their operations, material and trivial, not measuring their individual application, but because they are "to the manner born."

The appropriateness of manner, in reference to time and facts, is suggested by the allusion to the mode of doing things. Gaiety with the sad, and lugubriousness on a bridal morn, are both out of place. Who would indulge in a dirge while the merry marriage-bells are ringing? or attempt a dance to the measured tones of the Requiem? We know the value of the foxglove, the camomile, and the poppy, but there is a charm in the early cowslip or the gentle violet not to be found in them. Sunshine is beautiful, but we should not welcome it at midnight; and a gloomy summer's day fills us with sadness, without indicating the salutary usefulness of winter. Shall I with lengthened visage and measured notes in a subduing minor key, congratulate my friend on his acceptance by the idol of his heart, or in the short *staccato* music of a triumphant pæan condole with him on the loss of his goodly argosies? Yet this is manner; and there are many good men,

unpenetrating and impenetrable, who fail to fulfil their mission, because they know not the inestimable value of manner. All are not gifted alike. Some men bathe in science, others are steeped in the sweets of literature; some shine in conversation, some in composition, some shine not at all. Yet the man of humble talents, if he intrude not, is borne with, fills his place in the social compact, and will pass current in his day; and the man of extended mind and large acquirements is only borne with, it may be, notwithstanding possibly his assumption. The modest man was told "to go up higher," and the intruder to take the lowest place,—and we do not learn that they differed in talent.

There is the manner of our dealings with those who labour for us. This manner, denounced by the Romish Church as a mortal sin, is a crying evil in this country, and we know it. Poets have issued soul-stirring lays, and didactic writers have cried aloud against it; and to our shame be it said, oppression still raises its baleful head over the poor artist, the poor sempstress, and others to whom the veriest trifle in compensation, and the remotest shade of a smile are life, encouragement,

and hope. This manner is the worm in our national gourd; the poison which steals through the veins, and withers the heart of English mercantile associations. Let every one of us take heed to this, and endeavour not unduly to cheapen, but fairly to remunerate the man and the woman who labour for us, and whose labour is their sole possession. "Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work; that saith, I will build me a wide house, and large chambers, and cutteth him out windows, and it is ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion. Shalt thou reign because thou clothest thyself with cedar?"—"Thine eyes and thine heart are not but for thy covetousness, and for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression, and for violence, to do it." "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass." "They shall not lament for him." "I spake unto thee in thy prosperity, and thou saidst, I will not hear; this hath been thy manner from thy youth, that thou obeyedst not my voice. The wind shall eat up all thy pastors and thy lovers shall go into captivity; surely then shalt thou be ashamed and confounded for all thy wickedness."

Every illustration I have ventured to offer teems with the actual vitality of manner, for, as already urged, that is the object of this essay; but it must be remembered that I have kept it steadily in its own place. Manner, nevertheless, has its limits; and both head and heart must coalesce to define its measure: one grand mistake committed by mankind in all grades of life, everywhere, and in all circumstances, is studying manner too much, instead of educating the heart and the life, as a well-cultivated garden for the fructification of adequate fruits. They suffer thorns to grow instead of wheat, and expect figs from thistles. I say "studying manner too much," because men sometimes give it more weight, more importance, than the matter from which it springs. If the outward guise of a man be a faithful index of his principles and his emotions, sincerity and truth and kindness of heart will manifest themselves intelligibly in the manly expression of a frank manner and an open and beaming countenance. A man of another mind will construe the apostolical injunction to be all things to all men, in a sense totally different from that intended in the context. If a man be overtaken by sorrow, can he not almost always feel, if not discern, the wide wide difference between

the empty consolations of a babbling profession and the telling sympathies of sincerity and love ? If a man laughs, how easy to recognise the wide gulf there is between the heartiness of that laugh "that from reason flows and is of love the food," and that "laughter of the fool" which is "as the crackling of thorns under a pot." True manner as we would have it, is an indicator of the truth, and, as such, ends where illustration and analysis begin. Where these are in operation, manner is merely an echo and a counterfeit, a covering only, and like the verdure of the sterile rock can be dispersed by the first glow of a summer wind.

Manner is frequently adventitious, and almost entirely foreign to the matter it clothes. Its existence is then more in our appreciation of it than in the thing itself. It presents different aspects or manners to different men, and to the same man at different times. The splendours of Garrick's household, and which he loved so much to display, were those, as he himself was told, which tended to make a death-bed terrible ; and Beckford in his thrilling work, Vathek, punishes his heroes with the satiety of those things which they loved and were

devoted to on earth. With some, the yellings and war whoops of the wild Indians and the dead *staccato* notes beaten upon tuneless instruments are seraphic music; with others, the sweet and thrilling pulsations of "the living lyre," awakened to ecstacy, fall flat and toneless upon the ear, and meet no response in the heart. To the heavenly-minded or benevolent man, all he sees teems with love and perennial beauty; to the conscience-stricken, or the remorseful, the "am'rous descant" of the nightingale is as the shrill piercing of the sea-mew, the moan of the bittern in her loneliness, or the baying of the midnight wolf. The manner of that which we see and hear often springs from ourselves. Oh how bitterly do the sweet syllables of confiding love fall upon the treacherous heart of the conscious wrong-doer! how brightly they shine through the whole soul of the faithful listener! Oh how hardly do undeserved plaudits strike the bosom of the self-convicted traitor! how encouraging and how elevating is fair commendation to the aspirant to a well-doing life!

I care not for the man who can but will not plant happiness by the broad-cast sowing of a few kind words;

and in no place can those words be more prolific of healing fruits than around the domestic hearth. It is a mistake to suppose that the *Lares* and *Penates* of ancient times lived only for our forefathers. Why should they not be propitiated now? Why should not the ruling powers of a household, and the subalterns of the domestic circle severally look up to their presiding genius, and invoke, and participate in, the spirit of their home deities? The trifles that contribute to domestic endearment are as sweet votive offerings to the *Lares*, as are the weightier matters which ascend to the higher courts of the *Penates*,—manner,—the ordinary civilities of social life,—the little self-abnegations and forbearances which express so much, are as favourable to domestic happiness, in their practical effects, as are the costlier and rarer sacrifices, which even the most petulant are sometimes ready to make for their brethren.

If the solemn matter of home manner were duly appreciated, if the effect of manner for good or for evil amongst our domestic associations were adequately considered, and the lesson which the reflection would teach, properly learned, society in all its varieties would imbibe

somewhat of the spirit adverted to by the prophet;—universal charity would cover the face of the earth. What a charm does the candid acknowledgment of our error cast over the whole family circle, if it be sincere and accompanied with such assurances of amendment as will clothe the domestic group with hope. How soothing and how melting are unobtrusive forbearance, and heartfelt consideration for others! how winning the unaffected deportment of generous frankness and sensible good nature! As the soft water will, in time, wear the hard stone through, so will perseverance in the exercise of a conciliatory and hearty course of conduct inevitably end in moulding the adamantine heart even as we will. Nor is this all. The habit intensifies and expands within our own hearts and lives; it nourishes the fruits of a right mind; and the rough and arid desert becomes a fertile garden. There is a sweet exchange between the desire to please, and the principles which produce that desire. What a paradise would home be, if men would "consider;" what a radiant influence would be exercised upon the world around; and how gladly would men flee to be cheered and warmed by its life-giving beams;

The example and the reward would be the most efficacious inducement for imitation and practice.

Must every mind, every fact, every incident, every precept, be subject to the rules of mathematics or logic? Must all be under the dominion of ethical requirements? If so, the world would be a gloomy wild, a desolate waste; the sympathies and emotions which tend so much to sweeten life, and soften its asperities, which acknowledge no law, and about which men, alas, are too often ashamed, would be annihilated. If "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," surely he is no friend to the delights which soothe us, who would reduce to demonstration the inestimable social beauties of the heart. With manner, as a faithful emanation from right inner principles, a man creates or sustains a friend, or subdues a foe in every one he meets; he "avoids contention before it be meddled with;" he presents a serene countenance; he speaks in tones sweeter than the most plaintive music; he visits the troubled in mind, body, or estate, with unostentatious sympathy, and unaffected pity; he offers aid with a still voice, and an unobtrusive front; and he tells not of it; to use the words of a

well-known song, he "scatters bliss around;" and so quietly, yet so effectually, does he this, that the souls and the hearts which are near him are pervaded with perhaps, an undefinable, but certainly a substantial feeling of placidity and repose, like the sensation of judiciously blended colours, as they reach, through the eye, the inner impulses of our taste.

Yes, amidst the storms and lurid calms of the life we live here, where we should be cautioned more against the sweets and pleasant scenes than against the lowering skies or the turbulent waters, it is mercifully ordained that truth and love within, manifested by the flush of truth and love without, are to be cultivated and nourished, and are to be regarded as the best boon next to the eternal love which is promised as the perfection of happiness hereafter. How the wound closes and heals at the bare utterance of a few kind words! How confidence is excited by the slightest hope of its being generously construed and faithfully received; and we may believe that the knowledge of one another induced by a life of frankness and single-heartedness, is promised as one of the

highest blessings of eternity. "There we shall *know* even as we are *known*."

There is a manner in approaching sacred things, which is solemn matter. "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." What then? The manner of our associations and the manner of our daily purposes are matters which, if properly considered, would result in a substantially better life; the very care produces the principle, the sincere manner of a holy course of conduct germinates into the matter of a holy purpose.

The manner of our prayers: first, of our appearing to pray: the gesture; the abstraction from external things; the pervading reverence; the submission to the dictates of the temple, or the sanctity of the closet; the diligent search; the energetic application as for something all-important and most desired; the utter negation of all levity; the championship for christian right, and christian duty; and next, the actual praying. There may be no answer to your petitions. Go back: what was the manner of the prayer? While kneeling,—for you recognise external propriety,—was the mind wandering far away,

and did you indulge in the deportation? Were the words wind, and were the thoughts worldly? Was that form and were these earnest? Were the lips the faithful exponent of the heart?

By the conviction this question suggests, let us solemnly and accurately test our right to expect an answer to those expressions we dignify by the name of prayer.

The approach to and the departure from the sanctuary. What about the manner here? Do you avoid, as Romaine did, the indulgence, so common, in secular views and secular conversation, as you are wending your way to or from the temple, or do you place yourself, with St. Francis de Sales, in the presence of God, and then pray? These questions are best answered within your own hearts; I stay not for the reply: it is for you to adopt my suggestion, and to weigh its import.

Let us turn our attention for a moment to a subject which naturally presents itself for meditation.

Listen then to the chime of the village church bells, on the serene and hallowed morning of an English Sab-

bath, when "the earth is joyful," and "the mountains break forth into singing." An English Sabbath! What recollections does it not call forth? I do not mean the illustrations afforded by desecrating excursion trains or steam-boats, nor heathen practices hidden from the public gaze, in some old and time-dishonoured plague-spots which here and there unhappily infect the land; but I advert to the sacred aspect of an English Sunday Morning when

> "—— blessed groups this hour are bending
> O'er England's primrose meadow paths their way,
> Towards spire and tower 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
> Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day:
> The halls from old heroic ages gray
> Pour their fair children forth, and hamlets low,
> From whose sweet orchard blooms the soft winds play,
> Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
> Like a freed vernal stream!"

I have already intimated that the manner of things sometimes presents various aspects to our perception, arising, it may be from totally extraneous circumstances, and sometimes chiefly from our own subjective imagination. The scene we have just admired may under another view give a tone to the mind very different from that which a bright summer sabbath morning is calculated to produce. The same spot, the same sounds, are thus apostrophized by another poet:—

"List to the midnight lone!
The church-clock speaketh with a solemn tone:
Doth it no more than tell the time?
Hark, from that belfry gray,
In each deep-booming chime, which, slow and clear,
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,
A stern voice seems to say,
Gone—Gone;
The hour is gone—the day is gone."

Imagination may supply the picture of a solitary being, presenting a dark figure on the height yonder, thus thinking aloud, and courting the gloom, while the world below is shrouded in the deep shade of midnight stillness.

It is time now that I brought this essay to a conclusion; but I find the subject is almost inexhaustible. Scarcely a scene, an action, or a principle, but would illustrate the matter of manner; the thoughts I may have awakened, nevertheless, may serve as a spring to supply the reader with a stream of reflections. A few words may not, however, be totally out of place, upon the external peculiarities of some with whom we may come in contact.

Peculiarity of manner appears to be the distinctive right of students and great men; mediocrity cannot

afford to possess it. Every one knows the ancient story of the ass and the lap-dog: the former, fancying he might caper about, because the spaniel was coaxed for his little pranks, was soon convinced by the application of the cudgel that he forgot his place. And we have all heard of the unfortunate juryman, who was always pitted against eleven obstinate men; and of the cross-grained hunter who, having been thrown from his horse, was seriously hurt, and had fallen into a swoon: when he exhibited signs of life, his companion kindly expressed his fears that he was injured.—"No," growled he, "rather the contrary."

I remember, many years since, having sometimes come in contact with a very kind-hearted man who had attained some eminence, but whose manners were occasionally very repulsive; and I have left his presence many times stung to the quick and full of malevolence, through his uncompliant gruffness. Poor fellow! he had a wife who was just within a shade of the insanity that should have made her the inmate of a madhouse; she was at home always arousing his fears, and breaking his heart. They have both long since gone to their account; and I would

I could recal the harsh thoughts I have entertained towards him, little knowing or recking of the crook in his lot. It is a lesson to me, and I hope will be a warning to others too, to bear more than is usual with proud human nature.

Peculiarities may nevertheless be touched upon,—if only to indicate what to avoid.

The old reformers, for instance, were not distinguished for their urbanity: indeed, some of them deigned to consign to their opponents pills of brimstone and broth of fire. Luther himself was peculiar in his defiant violence; John Knox in his thunder; Dr. Barrow in his awkward slipshod gait; Kitto, Simeon, Daniel Wilson, Bickersteth, Romaine—all eminently learned and holy men—in petulancy; Fenelon for his surpassing tenderness; Rabelais for his rough and questionable allusions; Lord Thurlow for his coarse invective; Lords Mansfield and Ellenborough for their indomitable self-will; Lord Brougham for his cynicism; poor Cowper for his lugubriousness; Brainerd for his sorrowful mien; Chatterton for the melancholy which "marked him for her own;"

Gray, the gifted author of these words, was taunted for his awkward and ungraceful demeanour; Chalmers was peculiar in his brusque bearing; Legh Richmond was characterised by his sensitiveness; Shelley by his waywardness; Tom Moore by his servile flippancy; Byron by his violence and hastiness; Swift as being querulous: indeed, the memoirs of celebrities teem with instances of manner, which would not be tolerated, excepting as an accompaniment to high talent and shining parts. These great men were chosen, to repeat the figure in the early part of this essay, "in spite of the thorn," and not because of its presence. You, reader, probably have your peculiarity; assuredly I have mine: I pray you pass by the latter lightly, and if it evince, as doubtless it does, the "form and pressure" of human faults, let me crave your charity and forbearance.

You and I may both require the exercise of those virtues; and seeing that we cannot know the "secret springs of action," which regulate every one's course, justice demands that we should fear and tremble, lest we unlawfully consign to punishment, where we would, if we knew all, delight in commending.

Imagine the case of two young men with similarly constituted minds: equally well-educated and introduced, and with intentions of a like nature. One is, however, of a stature and bearing suggestive of Roman dignity; the other "alike, but oh how different!" and corporeally, though not mentally, somewhat flat. What is modesty in the one is sheepishness in the other. Our friend with the good presence is evidently self-possessed, decisive, and distinct. The same indications in the other would savour of impudent assumption. And so we would judge, we, who stand outside, and can scarcely imagine what is going on in each of their minds and hearts; we admire the one and condemn the other. The only natural conclusion and moral from this is that we should hesitate before we pronounce an adverse verdict, and after having made up our minds to do so, immediately to decide in the opposite direction. It is the safest as it is the most good-natured way of treating the subject. Every one of us is the resident of a little halo of his own, and we judge the size of every one's moon through the medium of our own atmosphere: little recking of the inner workings of the small planets before us. "All things to all men to win some" is a golden maxim, and it is astonishing how rich the harvest is if the

seed be properly sown and tended. The stream widens and deepens when once we cut the shallows; and now to alter the tense of the old and well-accepted line,—fools rush in where angels *feared* to tread. We know we have been mistaken oftentimes, even by those who knew us best; may not others be equally mistaken by us? Let us live upon the principle; and honestly and earnestly believe in our associations with the world, that every man means rightly until we prove to the contrary.

And acting thus for ourselves, and thinking thus for others,—we may take shelter under the "eleventh commandment,"—"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another,"—(John xiii, 34,)—the simplest and most comprehensive of all; we may depend upon it, that there is no better illustration of good manners and good common sense than true religion; and we may be thankful, after all, that there is so much actual simplicity in a well-meaning spirit and a well spent life.

"Then raise the grateful song of praise
To that indulgent mighty Power
Whose will the universe obeys,
Whose bounty cheers the humblest flower;
Hail! Source of all, benign and free,
Thou Spirit of Eternity!"

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